Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their childe shall be aduaunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physick,
And you must needes bestow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. *Aron* I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,
Herselfe and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt*

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as swallow flies.
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other gentlemen with bowes, and* Titus *beares the arrowes with Letters on the ends of them.*

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straight,

Terras

Terras Astrea reliquit, be you rem
Shees gone, shees fled, sirs take
You Cosens shall goe sound the
And cast your nets, happily you
Yet theres as little iustice as at L
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you
Tis you must dig with mattocke
And pierce the inmost center o
Then when you come to *Plutoes*
I pray you deliuer him this peti
Tell him it is for iustice and for
And that it comes from old *And*
Shaken with sorrowes in vngrat
Ah Rome, well, well, I made th
What time I threw the peoples
On him that thus doth tyranniz
Goe get you gone, and pray be c
And leaue you not a man of war
This wicked Emperour may ha
And kinsmen then we may goe

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a h
To see thy noble Vncle thus dist

Publi. Therefore my Lords it hi
By day and night t'attend him c
And feede his humour kindely
Till time beget some carefull re

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrow
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with
Take wreake on Rome for this i
And vengeance on the trayt or *S*

Titus. *Publius* how now, how n
What haue you met with her?

Publi. No my good Lord, but
If you will haue reuenge from h

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